

And watch our vantage in this businesse,
We'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Lutio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter *Gremio*.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groomee indeed,
A grumling groomee, and that the gille shall finde.

Tra. Cusler then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:

Ile tell you fir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cusse,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after ma-
ny ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth
he, as if he had bene aboard carowing to his Mates af-
ter a storme, quaff off the Muscadell, and threw the sops
all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that
his beard grew thinn and hungerly, and seem'd to aske
him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the
Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a cla-
morous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did
eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and
after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad mar-
riage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the min-
strels play.

Musicke playes.

Enter *Petruchio*, *Kate*, *Bianca*, *Hortensio*, *Baptista*.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Petr. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:

And honest company, I thanke you all,

That haue beheld me giue away my selfe

To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,

Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

Petr. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Petr. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Petr. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Petr. I am content you shall intreat me stay,

But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you loue me stay.

Petr. *Gremio*, my horse.

Gre. I fir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the
horses.

Kate. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open fir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your booties are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groomee,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Petr. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leifure.

Gre. I marry fir, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Petr. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,

Obeie the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,

Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,

Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:

Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine owne,

Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household-stuffe, my field, my barne,

My horle, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,

And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,

Ile bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in *Padua*: *Gremio*

Draw forth thy weapon, we are befet with theeues,

Rescue thy Mistrisse if thou be a man:

Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,

Ile buckle thee against a Million.

Exeunt, *P. & K.*

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh-

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Mistrisse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kazed.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-

For to supply the places at the table, (groome wants)

You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,

And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter *Gremio*.

Gre. Fie, fie on all tired lades, on all mad Masters,

all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man

so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to

make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them-

now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippen

might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roote of my

mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire

to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my

selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I

will take cold: Holla, holla *Curtis*.

Enter *Curtis*.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gre. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou shalt

slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no

greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good

Curtis. Is my master and his wife comming *Gremio*?

Gre. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no

water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Gre. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou
know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it
hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my
selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gre. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

Gre. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot
and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,
or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand
(she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feeble, to thy
cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prethee good *Gremio*, tell me, how goes the
world?

Gre. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, &
therefore fire: do thy duty, and hane thy dutie, for my
Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Gremio*
the newes.

Gre. Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as
wile thou.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gre. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme
cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house
trim'd, is the fire w'd, cobwebs swept, the seruicing men
in their new suttian, the white stockings, and euery offi-
cer his wedding garment on? Be the lackes faire with-
in, the Gills faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery
thing in order?

Curt. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gre. First know my horse is tired, my master & mi-
stris false out.

Curt. How?

Gre. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby
hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't good *Gremio*.

Gre. Lend thine care.

Curt. Heere.

Gre. There.

Curt. This 'tis to feeble a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gre. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this
Cusse was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech list-
ning: now I begin, in primis we came downe a fowle
hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gre. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horse.

Gre. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me,
thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vn-
der her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a
place, how she was bemol'd, how hee left her with the
horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stum-
bled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off
me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd be-
fore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her
bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie
things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli-
uion, and thou returne vncertaine to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckning he is more shrew then she.

Gre. I and that thou and the proudest of you all shall
finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this?
Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Ioseph*, *Nicholas*, *Phillip*, *Walter*, *Su-
ger* and the rest: let their heads bee stickely comb'd,

their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indiffe-
rent knit, let them curtie with their left legges, and not
presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till
they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Curt. They are.

Gre. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister
to countenance my mistris.

Gre. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Curt. Who knowes not that?

Gre. Thou it seemes, that calls for company to coun-
tenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or five seruicing men.

Gre. Why the comes to borrow nothing of them?

Nat. Welcome home *Gremio*.

Phil. How now *Gremio*.

Ios. What *Gremio*.

Nick. Fellow *Gremio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gre. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel-
low you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce
companions, is all readie, and all things neat?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gre. Ene at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be
not——Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master no

Enter *Petruchio* and *Kate*.

Petr. Where be these knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere fir, heere fir.

Petr. Heere fir, heere fir, heere fir, heere fir.

You logger-headed and vnpolisht groomes:

What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

Gre. Heere fir, as foolish as I was before.

Petr. You pezzant, swain, you horsen malt-horse drudg

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?

Gremio. *Nathaniel*'s coat fir was not fully made,

And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:

There was no Linke to colour *Peters* har.

And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly.

Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Petr. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in: Exe.

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter seruants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.

Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?

It was the Friar of *Orders* gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Trailin*? Sirra, get you hence,

And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:

One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?

Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:

you horsen villaine, will you let it fall?

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Kate